Tighten

At McDonalds

Hey there's a crazy guy out there
so let's get going, huh? whispers
  polyblonde to bluehair,

     then the hissed, huffed
     imprecations whirlingly

     approach, all but trapped
     in tangled hair and parka.

         (Does God intend all nuts
            to come to me?)

            A head ballooning a-
  gainst signs with immaculate conceptions
of burgers flowing from the room, fluorescent-
            gold, he left.

     "What's the matter?"
     (1st to ever ask am I?)
    Just need lousy nickel!
                                    Here!

     Thanks! Wide-eyed still at miracles
          among plastic hygiene,

     he'll get his pastel shake
          Big Mac and fries,
     hunch over his personal table and so
        slowly eat and think and drink,

     wishing up a little island
       full of geese and stars, with all
       the natives smiling blurry nickels

           threaded by a French Fry
           threaded by a French Fry
           threaded by a French Fry
     Train.